

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Vol. VII.

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No 6.



**J**UNE, the first of the summer months, presents us with many interesting things. The meadows are now covered with flowers in full bloom: the forests have put on their beautiful garments of green: the birds are busy in tending their young; the mornings are ushered in with silvery dews, and the evenings come like a soft veil thrown over the cradle of her children, by the gentle hand of nature, to make their slumbers sweet and secure.

The farmer is now busy in gathering his crop of hay,—though, as he swings his scythe, he unhappily disturbs many a pretty nest of the meadow lark, the spar-

row, and the boblink. How the latter does sing “Get out o’ the way old Dan Tucker,”—as the mowers intrude upon his dominion! However, it is better that Bob should be disturbed now and then, than that the cattle should starve, and every body go without milk and meat.

But let us go to some field, where the mower has not yet appeared. Let us stop and listen to Bob—with his white nightcap on. What a set of names he has got—boblink—bobo’ lincoln—skunk black bird—and rice bird. He seems to have as many names as those rascals who are sent to the state’s prison, yet he has no other quality in common with pick-pockets and counterfeiters. He is

no thief, for what he takes he takes in open day; he is no pick-pocket, for while the cat-bird filches cherries, strawberries, raspberries, and grapes, Bob is content with the waste seeds of the meadows. He is no counterfeiter,—no, he is a downright fellow, and is never ashamed of his name. Meet him where you will, he springs into the air, and seems to give you a challenge in the following words—

“Jem Richardson, Jem Richardson,—get away—yet away: it’s very disagreeable of you to trouble us: get away! get away!”

Different people fancy the boblink to say different things. A girl of sixteen blushes at his open, impertinent calling out the name of her lover, which she supposed a secret to every one but herself; the miser thinks his song like the jingling of keys; a tory fancies that the rogue calls him a whig; a whig, that he reviles him as a tory; a boy going home from school, imagines that he is mocking him for spelling the word *jingo*, with two gs—and a town-meeting orator, regards him as a lecturer upon that species of eloquence which at town-meetings is usually displayed—a succession of nasal, brassy sounds, with very little sense.

But let us leave boblink to pursue his cheerful, happy life, and look at that bird with long legs and a sly appearance, stealing through the grass. He is a meadow lark,—and a magnificent bird, streaked with gray and brown upon the back, with a breast of bright yellow. See! he is very timid, and has already flown. Alas, his flesh is excellent, and man has taught him that there is danger in his near approach. Yet listen to his

clear, shrill note, as he flies in the air. See! there he lights on the topmost bough of yonder apple-tree. How plaintive, yet how beautiful, his prolonged note! He is not, however, so sweet a singer as the lark of Europe.

Let us take a stroll in yonder thicket. How still and secluded is this little dell. Not a sound is to be heard. Hush! I heard a rustle among the bushes! Oh, it is a brown thrush; there he sits, trying to hide himself behind the oak leaves. He has a nest near, and being engaged in important business, does not wish to be disturbed. He will not speak to you till evening. If you are then within a quarter of a mile, you will hear his song. It consists of imitations and variations that might put Ole Bull to the blush. Some passages are exquisitely beautiful, and would excite the envy of that conceited bird, the English talk so much of,—the nightingale,—a bird, that is so solicitous to be heard, that it will sing only in the night, when all honest birds are asleep.

We will say no more of this month, after introducing to you the following description of it, in the oldest English lay extant:

“Summer is yeomen in—  
Loud sing cuckoo;  
Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,  
And springeth the weed new.”

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**THE NEW KING.**—The king of the Sandwich Islands has so much improved in his condition since he signed the pledge, that the people call him **THE NEW KING.**



## Inquisitive Jack.

### CHAPTER V.

#### *About Quadrupeds.*

I MUST tell you that by this time, Jack had learned to read, and this was now a source of great delight to him. It often happened that he could not go into the fields to study nature, because the weather was stormy, or perhaps it was winter, and the ground was covered with snow. It is true that his aunt Piper was generally ready to answer his questions, and to give him information—but she could not attend to him always. Beside, he found in books that there were more exact and scientific accounts of birds, beasts, fishes, insects and other things which interested him, than even aunt Betsey Piper could give.

Thus, Jack devoted a good deal of his time to reading, though he did not lay aside his habit of observing and investigating. This habit is very important, and I advise all my young friends to adopt, and continue it, however much they may read. Reading will indeed store the mind, and make it full of knowledge; but observation and investigation render that knowledge clear, distinct, and useful. So, I wish to have every body follow Jack's plan to read a great deal, and also to investigate a great deal. Thinking is to the mind what exercise is to the body—it makes it strong, cheerful, and full of health. Thus my plan is that reading books and reading nature should go together. Now, I will tell you how Inquisitive Jack managed this.

One day, he was going through a little wood, where he saw a squirrel running along upon the fence. It was of a reddish color, and exceedingly nimble. It seemed almost to fly along the rails of the fence, and at last, it mounted upon a tree. It then ran about upon the limbs, and sprang to another tree. Then it dashed from tree to tree almost like a bird, until at last, it reached a large oak. It now seemed to consider itself out of the reach of harm, and accordingly, it began to chatter in the most extraordinary manner. There was something about it that made Jack feel that the fellow was making fun of him. He was annoyed at this, and picking up a stone, he hurled it at the offender with all his force.

The squirrel dodged the stone, ran up the tree a little higher, and chattered louder than ever. It seemed to say something like this, "Oh Jack—Jack—you are a very silly fellow—get you gone and leave the woods to me and my companions!—chickaree!—chickaree!—chickaree!" While the squirrel was saying this, he flourished his long red tail, and seemed to be in a state of violent agitation.

When Jack went home, he told his aunt Piper about the squirrel, but she did not know as much of squirrels, as of bees, butterflies, and birds, and therefore she could not wholly satisfy his curiosity. He therefore consulted a book of natural history, and there he found a full account of the red squirrel, or chickaree. He found it described just as he had seen it, and furthermore, he learned that it was one of the most lively of the whole squirrel family; that it lives upon nuts, and is common in the forests of

New England and the Middle States—that it builds its nest in hollow trees, and lays up a store of its favorite fruit against the winter season.

Now you will be able to see the advantage of combining observation with reading;—Jack had seen the squirrel, had noticed its color, form, air, and manners. He had therefore distinct, indelible impressions respecting these things, and when he began to read about this squirrel, it was of something he had seen; something of which he had a lively knowledge; something associated in his mind with his walk through the woods, and the pleasure of a ramble. He read, therefore, with a keen delight; he understood what he read, he remembered it all, and he was incited to go on and pursue the subject, till at last he had read the story of the whole squirrel family, red, black and gray!

I tell you this just to give you a specimen of Jack's way of combining observation with reading. I must now tell you about another thing, which I have alluded to before. It would seem that ideas resemble boys; they don't love to be alone. One idea wants another; and several ideas want a good many others. You show a child a beautiful shell, it gives him a new idea, and that immediately suggests a desire of other ideas, and he asks, "Who made the shell?" "Where did the shell come from?" "What is it made of," &c., &c.

I have almost got through my story, so do not be impatient if I tell you one thing more, and that is how Jack used to think about what he saw and read. I shall give you an instance. One day, he was strolling through the fields, at a



distance from any house, when he saw a large hawk pounce down upon a rabbit. The talons of the bird pierced the very heart of the little animal, and it was almost instantly killed, and borne away by the destroyer, struggling however in the pangs of death. As it was carried over his head, Jack noticed the four legs of the rabbit, and he began to reflect upon the fact that a hawk has two legs, and a rabbit four. Having made this comparison, he proceeded to make others; and now it struck him, for the first time, that the whole feathered race are two-legged creatures, while rabbits, squirrels, cats, dogs, pigs, foxes, lions, tigers, cows, horses, and elephants are four-legged creatures. As he was thus ruminating upon this matter, he happened to take up his book, and he there found that the animal creation is divided into groups—such as orders and classes, &c., according to their formation.

He learned that four-legged animals, called *quadrupeds*, form one great class; that birds form another class; fishes another; reptiles another; and insects still another. And in pursuing this subject, he found that each class was divided into many families or kinds. Among the quadrupeds, he found the family of cats, including old puss in the corner, as well as the lynx, cougar, leopard, tiger, and lion. He learned that among the bears, there are many kinds, and also among the wolves and foxes, and all other races of animals.

And now, a new source of interest grew up in Jack's mind. This *classifying* of animals became intensely interesting. He loved to compare one kind with another; to note the resemblances

and differences; to observe the influence of climate, and see how nature had diversified her works, so as to adapt everything to the purpose it was designed to accomplish. Thus, at every step, his knowledge increased, and became more and more permanently fixed in his mind; while the interest he took in study, was enhanced even in a greater degree.

### Sketches in Egypt.

**I**N a former number of our Museum, we have given some account of the wonderful things, displaying the manners and customs of the Egyptians, and setting forth many points of history, which have been discovered among the ruins of their ancient cities and temples. We now give a few passages, showing some of the manners and customs of the present inhabitants of Egypt.

#### IRRIGATION.

Throughout the whole of Egypt, even in the Delta, there are numerous canals to preserve the water after the overflow; and from these the country is supplied with moisture. The lands in Upper Egypt—to aid the process of artificial irrigation—are dug into small squares, connected by gutters or furrows; and the water, being raised from the stream either with a machine or by manual labor, is admitted into these ridges, and flows from one square into another. This operation forms the most laborious part of a fellah's employment; particularly where the Persian water-wheel is not in use.

#### HARVEST.

Immediately after the water has run off, sowing commences the seed only

requiring to be strewed over the land, when it sinks into the soft earth by its own weight, or is trodden down by the cattle driven over it; a process generally performed in November. The harvest commences in April, when the corn is cut with a sickle, close to the ear, and the straw is appropriated for fodder, or



*Egyptian mode of thrashing corn.*

converted into fuel. The ears, having been carried from the field in baskets, are laid upon the ground. A sort of sledge drawn by oxen is then driven over it, which answers the end of thrashing, separating the corn from the ears.\* It is next stored, and the husbandman having none of the labors of ploughing, furrowing, or manuring his land—those duties being superseded by the bounteous Nile—he is at leisure till the next overflow.



*Marriage procession.*

#### MARRIAGE.

A day or two before the wedding, the

\* The mode still pursued by the Egyptians is precisely the same as that practised by them and other eastern nations formerly, as described in

Numbers xviii. 27; Deuteronomy xxv. 4; Isaiah xxviii. 27, 28; Ruth iii. v. 2—9.

Numbers xviii. 27; Deuteronomy xxv. 4; Isaiah xxviii. 27, 28; Ruth iii. v. 2—9.

for her and her friends. A canopy of silk is borne over her by four men, preceded by musicians, and sometimes by persons who perform some feat of strength or a mock fight with swords; the female relations of the maiden are also of the party; and when in the bath, the company is amused by *almehs* and other musicians.

On returning from the bath the bride takes a large lump of henna, and going round to her guests solicits a contribution of money, when each person generally sticks a small piece of gold into the henna, which on being relieved of the coins, is afterwards applied to her hands and feet. The evening of this ceremony is called "The night of the henna."

The next day, the bride proceeds to the house of her future lord in the same order as when she goes to the bath; and on arriving at the harem all her friends leave her, except her mother or other near relation, the bridegroom remaining below with his friends. Sometimes he goes to a mosque, and on his return, after seeing the company supplied with pipes and sherbet, is for the first time introduced to his wife; and having been left alone with her he presents her money, which is called "the price of uncovering the face." This is an awkward moment for the bride, whose form and features do not always bear out the praises that the match-maker has previously bestowed on them by way of description; and lovers have been known to betray disappointment at this delicate juncture. On removing the covering it is however proper for him to say, "In the name of God, the compassionate, the merciful, blessed be this night!" the

lady must answer "God bless thee!" Several women are stationed outside the door, who, at a signal from the bridegroom, set up cries of joy—which are responded to by others below and in the neighborhood—to signify that he acknowledges his bride, and that she equals his expectations: these ceremonies over, the man rejoins his male friends, with whom he spends an hour or two in sociality, and then returns to his wife.

#### MOSQUES.

The houses of worship in Cairo are magnificent and spacious. The principal mosque, called the church of Lazarus, is situated in the middle of the city. Van Egmont says that between five and six thousand persons receive their subsistence from it, and that two thousand lie in it every night. Formerly the interior was as a sealed book to all who did not follow the faith of the prophet; for, if any stranger happened to enter it, he was instantly imprisoned, and his only chance of escape from death was to turn Mohammedan.

The minarets, or high towers of the mosques, are surrounded, at a great elevation, with projecting galleries, in which stand the public criers, who announce the stated times of prayer prescribed by the Mohammedan law. Upwards of eight hundred voices may be heard at once from these lofty stations, from which, also, prayers are on extraordinary occasions, offered up.

#### BURIALS.

The Egyptians seldom keep a corpse in their houses on the night succeeding death; and never bury their dead after sunset. Rose-water, camphor, and other perfumes, are sprinkled over the de-



*Great Mosque of Sultan Hassan, Grand Cairo.*

ceased, his nostrils and ears are stuffed with cotton, the ankles bound, and the hands placed over his breast. If he have been a man of wealth, he is wrapped successively in layers of muslin, cotton cloth, and cloth of cotton and silk, and lastly, a Cashmere shawl. He is then placed on a bier, and a procession is formed of chanters, with the relations and domestics of the deceased; and passages from the Koran, with a dirge, are recited during the way. The bier is first carried into a mosque, when the imán and his assistant repeat certain prayers over it; and after the performance of some minor rites, the funeral train proceeds to the burial-ground.\* When

within the tomb a singular ceremony is performed by a person called "the instructor of the dead;" who, sitting before it, speaks to the corpse as if it were a living person, saying, that there will come two angels who will ask certain questions, which he also tells the body how to answer. The two angels are supposed to visit the dead on the succeeding night, when the soul will depart and the body be tortured for its sins. After burial, prayers are recited and certain forms gone through by the relatives, to facilitate the entrance of the deceased

burial-place, so situated as to be secure from injury by the inundations of the Nile. In Upper Egypt these "silent cities" are hollowed out of the mountain-sides.

\* Every city in Egypt has a *necropolis*, or





*Burial procession.*

into paradise. Wailers are sometimes hired at funerals, to make loud lamentations; but in the case of a *welie*, or reputed saint, these mournings are turned into cries of joy at the release of the pious man from this world, to the world of happiness; to which it is believed he has certainly departed.

The religious *superstitions* of the Egyptians present a remarkable feature in their character; as many of them are not only believed in by the learned, but are sanctioned by the Koran. The principal of these is the belief in *genii*, a class of spirits who play so prominent a part in the "Arabian Nights Entertainments." These supernatural beings are supposed to hold a sort of middle rank between angels and men—to be created of fire, capable of assuming any form, and of becoming invisible. They are presumed to inhabit rivers, ruined houses, wells, baths, ovens, &c.

TINGING THE EYES.

It is a common practice with ladies in

Egypt as in Persia, to tinge their eyes with a black powder, called *khol*. This seems to have been an ancient practice, for vessels containing this powder have been found in the tombs. The hands



*Tinging the eyes.*

and feet are also tinged with a decoction of the henna tree, a kind of privet, which imparts an orange hue. Women of the lower classes mark their bodies with a blue tint, like that used by sailors in tattooing their wrists and arms.

## Pictures of Various Nations.

### CHAPTER VI.

#### MEXICO.

**S**OUTH-WEST of the United States is the country of *Mexico*. Till within a few years, it was a Spanish colony; but is now independent.

In Mexico there are *seven* kinds of people: 1. *Whites*, born in Europe; 2. *Creoles*, born of Spanish parents in America; 3. *Mestizoes*, or descendants of Whites and Indians; 4. *Mulattoes*, sprung from Whites and Negroes; 5. *Zambas*, the offspring of Indians and Negroes; 6. *Indians*, who are the copper-colored native race; and 7. *African Negroes*.

The Mexicans are of good *stature*, well proportioned, and so free from personal defects, that there is scarcely upon the earth a nation, in which fewer deformed persons are to be met with. Their skin is of a copper-color; and they have good complexions, narrow foreheads, black eyes, white, firm, regular teeth, and thick, glossy, black hair.

Some of the ladies are said to be very beautiful; but they have one practice, which is very disgusting—that of *smoking cigars*. They carry their cigars in a gold, or silver case, suspended by a ribbon at their side; and as soon as one cigar is exhausted, another is lighted; and they only cease to smoke, when they eat or sleep.

It is said that the Mexicans are moderate in eating; yet one would think they must eat a great deal, as they have eight meals a day. This I suppose, however, is only among the higher class-

es. Chocolate is a favorite beverage, but if they eat little, they drink much. Indeed, drunkenness is so common, that in the city of Mexico, the police send round *tumbrils*, or carts, to collect such as are found stretched in the streets.

The senses of these people are very acute, especially that of sight, which they enjoy to old age, unimpaired. Their constitutions are naturally sound; and, though most of them die of severe diseases, it is not uncommon for them to attain to the age of a hundred years.

The Mexicans have good understandings; but education among them is not very general. They are said not to be as passionate as the people of some other countries. They are slow, and very persevering in respect to works, which require time. They are generous and disinterested. They set but little value upon gold. The Spanish inhabitants dress very expensively. They generally wear silks, and adorn their hats with belts of gold, and roses of diamonds. Even some of the slaves have bracelets, and necklaces of gold, silver, pearls, and gems.

The Roman Catholic is the established religion. The natives retain many of their superstitious notions and practices. When one of them dies, the deceased has a jug of water given him, and pieces of paper, with directions where to go. At the same time, a little dog, or some other domestic animal, is killed, to accompany the deceased on his journey, to the invisible world. The corpse and the animal are now burned, and the ashes placed in an earthen pot, which is buried in a deep ditch.

## BRAZIL.

Before we speak of the inhabitants of Brazil, however, we shall say a word or two of the country. Scarcely a finer country is to be found on the globe. Its climate is healthful; its soil fertile; its scenery charming, and even romantic; thick forests crown its hills, and perpetual verdure adorns its valleys; noble rivers pass in every direction, and the richest tropical fruits abound in every quarter. Brazil also is famous for its gold and diamonds. Until recently, the country belonged to the king of Portugal; but it is now independent. The Roman Catholic is the established religion.

The European settlers are generally gay and fond of pleasure. The men generally wear cloaks and swords. The ladies have fine dark eyes, and expressive countenances. They adorn their heads with tresses, tied with ribbons and flowers. The labor of this class of persons is chiefly performed by slaves.

If you go into the country, but not into the mining districts, you will find the people living in small mud cottages, covered with tiles or leaves. The people here use no knives or forks; and but few have tables. They eat their meals, squatting on the ground, with dishes, bowls or gourds, placed in the centre. The people dress in a slovenly and mean manner, but the women more so than the men.

In the mining districts, the inhabitants are still more degraded. You may indeed see cups, coffee-pots, wash-basins, and the like, all of silver; but other things, food, dress, and manner of living, by no means correspond.

The native Indians of Brazil are divi-

ded into numerous tribes, and speak different languages; but they all agree in wearing few clothes. Many are entirely naked. They are of a copper-color, with long, coarse, black hair; but, like the more northern Indians, they are destitute of beards. They are a strong, lively, and gay race of people. Few diseases are known among them. They delight in feasting and dancing, both of which they carry to excess.

Their huts are made of the branches of trees, and covered with palm leaves. Their articles of furniture are few and simple. Their weapons of war are bows, arrows, and wooden clubs. The flesh of monkeys is their principal animal food. This they so prepare, that at the same time it is roasted, it is blackened with smoke. A monkey roasted by a Brazilian, would frighten an American: or if it did not frighten, it would disgust him, for it is always roasted with its head on, and in a sitting posture.

## PERU.

To the west of Brazil, lies Peru; and hither we shall now conduct our readers, to take a view of the inhabitants of that country.

We must first tell them, however, a few words of the country itself. Peru is a hot and barren country. It is barren, because it seldom rains there. It has many dreary deserts. The lofty Andes pass through, and divide it. It abounds in gold, and silver, and mercury, or quicksilver. Here, too, is found Peruvian bark, which is so much used in this, and other parts of the world.

Peru is a large country; and yet it has but about a million and a half of in-

habitants. They consist of *Creoles*, *Mestizoes*, and *Indians*, or natives of the country. The *Creoles* are natives of Spanish descent. They are well made, and of good stature, with lively, agreeable countenances. The *Mestizoes* are a mixed race. They are, also, generally well made, very robust, and quite tall.

By far the greater part of the inhabitants of Peru are *Indians*; but they are not now what they once were. Many years ago, the Spaniards conquered them. At that time, they were a rich and flourishing people. They understood several of the arts, and many of them lived in a style of magnificence.

At that time, gold was so common among them, that they used it, as we use iron and brass. Their sovereigns were called *Incas*. They believed the sun to be a god, and worshipped it as such. The glory of their former days has, however, passed away. They are now almost savages. They are well proportioned, and even strong; but are generally low in stature, and some of them remarkably so. They have deep black hair, which is thick, long, harsh and coarse, like that of a horse. The men wear theirs loose, but the women plait theirs behind with a ribbon. They set great value upon their hair; the greatest insult which can be offered to either sex, is to cut it off; and when this is done by way of punishment, they never forgive the disgrace put upon them.

Their dress consists of white cotton drawers, reaching to the calf of the leg, loose, and edged with lace. Instead of a shirt, they wear a black cotton frock, in the form of a sack, with two openings for the arms, and a third for the head to

pass through; over this, they throw a kind of cloak, and cover the head with a hat.

This dress they never put off, even when they sleep. Some of the richer class distinguish themselves by the fineness of their drawers, and wear shirts with lace four or five inches broad, fastened round the neck like a ruff. Though they wear no stockings, they have silver or gold buckles in their shoes; and their cloak, which is of fine cloth, is often adorned with gold or silver lace.

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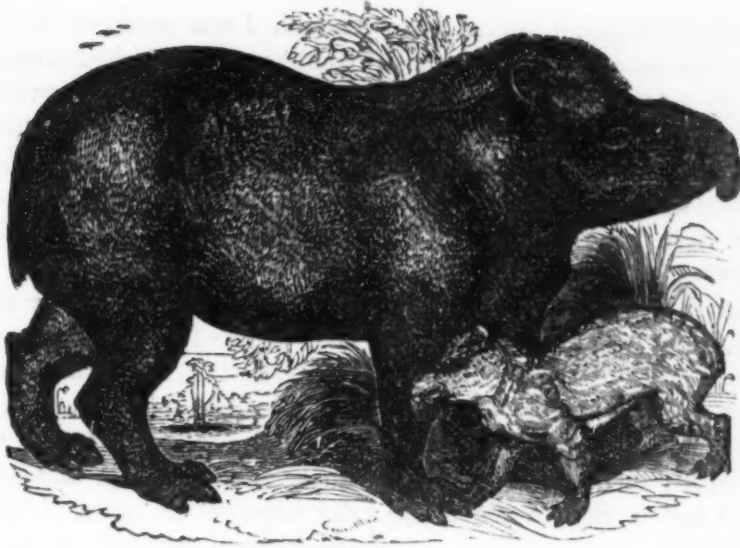
INTEMPERANCE IN ENGLAND.—At a meeting recently held in Exeter Hall, London, the Hon. J. S. Buckingham stated, that £53,000,000 was the annual cost of intoxicating drinks to the people of that country. That this sum was fifty times as much as all the collections for the relief of the distressed, under every form of appealing to public sympathy.

In that land of distress and wretchedness, where thousands perish for the necessities of life, and tens of thousands more gain a scanty subsistence, fifty-three millions of pounds, or 250 millions of dollars, are annually spent for poison to augment the poverty, misery, and death. Strange infatuation!—When will old England be alive to the interests of the great mass of her citizens, and place an everlasting quarantine upon this source of physical and moral disease, temporal and eternal death.

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THE whole community of whites on the Columbia River, and the various settlements in Oregon, have abandoned the use of intoxicating drinks.





A Tapir.

## Dick Boldhero.

## CHAPTER V.

*The adventure of the monkeys concluded—strange animals—weariness, despair—a terrible incident.*

MY readers can hardly imagine the bewildered state of my mind, occasioned by the scenes described in my last chapter. The little apes, who grinned, chattered, frisked, and frolicked in the moonlight around me, appeared like so many fantastic sprites, and I could scarcely believe that it was not all a dream. Never shall I forget some of their quizzical countenances and grotesque gestures, as they peeped at me between the branches of the trees. After they had hung around me for several minutes, one of them uttered a shrill cry, and with many a leap, and jirk, and bound, they disappeared. They seemed to run along upon the trees, passing from the branches of one to another, as easily as a rabbit upon the solid ground.

They were indeed supplied with limbs

to accomplish this. They had not only four hands, but they were furnished with a tail, which seemed amazingly convenient and useful. Never was any instrument employed with more dexterity and success. They wound it around the limbs of the trees, where they hung suspended, or swung from branch to branch. When they were travelling upon the giddy heights of the forests, they held it erect, in order to keep them steady, thus using it as a rope-dancer does his balance pole.

At this time I knew very little about these creatures, but I afterwards learned that the forests of Guiana, as well as other warm parts of South America, abound in various kinds of monkeys, and that the species who made me the nocturnal visit I have described, are called *howlers*. They are particularly noisy at night, and make the forests ring with their elvish din. It is common for one of them to mount a tree, and seem to ad-

dress the assembled group around him, embellishing his discourse with the most extraordinary grimaces, gestures, and contortions. One can hardly look upon a scene of this sort, and not feel it to be a sort of satire upon human oratory.

I did not close my eyes again that night. Morning at last came, and I attempted to grope my way back through the thickets, to the path I had lost. But I was encompassed by lofty forests, and my mind was in some degree bewildered, I rambled about the whole day, and at night found myself at the precise spot from which I had started in the morning.

My heart was now full. The prospect of perishing in the wilderness, was before me; I had eaten the last morsel of food that remained in my wallet; it seemed impossible, therefore, that I should escape. The thoughts of never again seeing my mother and my home—of dying without a friend at my side, and leaving my form to be torn limb from limb, by wild beasts, all rushed upon me with frightful force, and for a few moments, I gave way to despair.

But these feelings gradually subsided, and though no situation could be more hopeless than mine, still, hope revived, and I determined to make another effort the next morning, to effect my escape. Having formed this resolution, I stretched myself out upon the ground and fell asleep, and nothing remarkable occurred during the night. At early dawn, I arose, and set forward with the determination of being more wary than before, in order to avoid a similar result. I was very hungry, but I soon found some berries, which I ventured to eat,

though I was not sure that they were wholesome. I pushed forward, as I imagined, in a direct line toward the path. But when one's head is turned, south seems north, and north south—so that a great part of the day, I travelled in the direction opposite to that which I intended to follow.

Toward evening, I came in sight of a lake, and as I was exceedingly thirsty, I approached it. It was encircled with tall trees and thickly matted shrubbery, except on the side where I was. Here was a little opening, and as I came to the edge of the water, I was about to stoop down and quench my thirst; but what was my astonishment to behold before me a huge beast, bearing a resemblance to a large black hog. It was completely in the water, but I could distinctly see it walking on the bottom and approaching the shore. Being not a little alarmed at this strange apparition, I ran hastily back from the lake, and concealed myself in a thicket, at the distance of several yards. My position was such, however, as to command a view of the water.

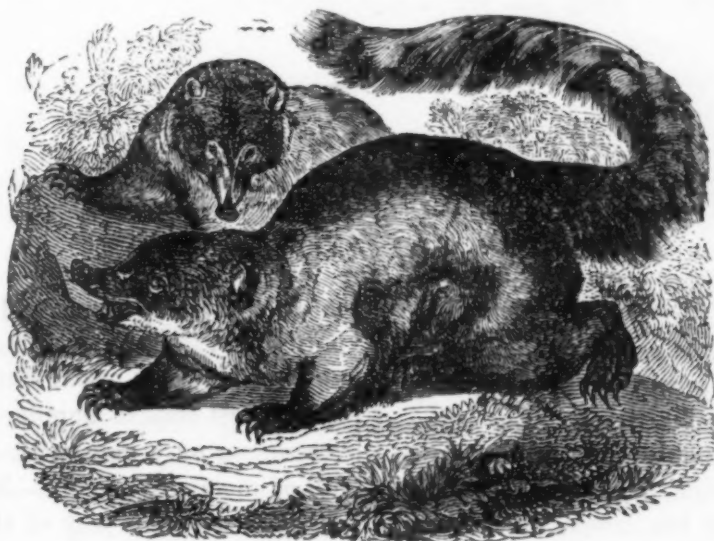
I could soon perceive an undulation on its glassy surface, and shortly after the bristly back of the animal became visible. He leisurely came to the shore, looked around, snuffed the air, a little suspiciously, and then began to devour the coarse herbage that grew along the margin of the water. The whole aspect of this creature was swinish, and I should have set him down as one of the hog family, but for two reasons. He was twice as big as any specimen of that race, I had ever seen; and he had a long, flexible snout, which he used like

an elephant's trunk. I watched him narrowly, and never have I seen a more extraordinary looking creature. He seemed, indeed, to be half hog and half elephant, though his manners resembled the former, rather than the latter. He seemed to feel perfectly at home, ate voraciously, flourished his little tail, and at last, sat down upon his rump, like a tired dog.

I had now remained for half an hour in my concealment, and being weary of inaction, I rushed out from the thicket, club in hand, and suddenly stood before the beast. Never have I seen such a gaze of stupid wonder, as the monster at first exhibited. But he soon made up his mind to retreat, and uttering a grunt by way of exclamation, he plunged into the water, and I saw him no more. I afterwards learned that this animal is common in the waters of South America, and probably is known to most of my readers, under the name of *tapir*.

Night soon followed this scene, and I was obliged again to find a pillow beneath the boughs of the forest; I slept soundly, however, and again in the morning began my rambles. My strength, however, was impaired; my courage was gradually ebbing away; still I continued to roam about, making the best effort I could for my deliverance. I was not alone in the forest, for innumerable parrots were chattering among the branches of the trees, and birds of many forms and hues, were glancing through the air, or reposing in the leafy shade of the wilderness.

I frequently met with monkeys, skipping from tree to tree, and as they grinned at me from above, I could fancy that there was a sneering and malicious expression in their faces, as if they understood and rejoiced in my forlorn condition. I once saw an animal bounding along upon the ground, which greatly resembled a raccoon, and a momentary



flash of pleasure came over my bosom, | at being thus reminded of a creature

with which I was familiar in my native woods. But I soon perceived that the animal had a longer tail and snout than the raccoon. He speedily bounded up a tree, and coiling his tail around one of the branches, looked down upon me with a gaze of curious wonder. I learned that this creature was the *coaiti*; an animal which is famous for eating up his own tail!

Another and another day followed, my strength and spirits gradually failing beneath the efforts I was making, particularly as the food I procured, consisting wholly of berries, seemed to give me but little sustenance. It was, I believe, on the sixth day after I had wandered from my path, that I sat down, overpowered with heat, exhaustion, and despair. I felt that my final hour was come—that I had found my resting place, and that I must prepare in solitude to die. The anguish of my feelings was not so great as might have been imagined—I was worn out both in body and mind, and

was contemplating my release, if not with satisfaction, at least with some degree of composure, when a fearful spectacle arrested my attention.

At the distance of about thirty feet, lay an object, which at first, I had taken to be the fallen branch of a tree. But its dull, earthy colors, gradually changed to the most brilliant hues; its relaxed and flattened form, became rigid, rounded, and curved. Its head rose with a slow motion, and I could now perceive that it was an enormous serpent, gliding with a noiseless motion towards me. Its eye was fixed upon me with a glassy and terrific stare; its jaws were expanded; its tongue brandished, ready to strike the fatal blow. I had sufficient recollection to know that this must be an anaconda, and I expected the next instant to be crushed in its folds. The thought was too horrible to be endured. I felt a faintness come over me, and while a rushing sound filled my ears, my senses departed.

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## The Old Man in the Corner.

NO. VI.

### PETER AND THE PIG.

**T**HERE was once a youth, who being born in poverty, was brought up to labor for his living. But being of an indolent turn, he felt this to be a great hardship. He was also as unwilling to study his books, as he was to perform other tasks. He hated all exertion; and seemed indeed to think that

toil was the only curse, and idleness the only bliss. If he was not the same youth, who, when asked what he deemed the highest state of happiness, replied—"swinging on a gate, with one's mouth full of molasses candy,"—he was still, of much the same way of thinking.

Now lazy Peter, as he was called, went one day to feed the pig. The ani-



mal was very fat, and even when he heard the corn rattle into his trough, he only uttered a kind of affected grunt, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and kept his place. Peter looked into the sty, and beheld with unaffected admiration, the luxurious beast, imbedded in straw, and too happy in the enjoyment of his digestion and repose, even to get up and eat. "This is the perfection of comfort,"—said Peter to himself. "How pleasant it must be to have nothing to do, but to eat and sleep; no chores to do; no boots and shoes to put on; no jackets and trowsers to button up; no musty books to learn; no Emerson's Arithmetic to make one's head muzzy; no awful looking school-master, whose very countenance makes one's stomach ache, to watch over him; no sharp voice to call him at 5 o'clock in the morning! No, no—he eats and sleeps and sleeps and eats—gets up and goes to bed just as he pleases. Really, I half wish I was a pig!"

Thus mused lazy Peter—while he rested his chin upon the edge of the pig-stye, and gazed with dreamy eyes upon the lord of the manor. At length, urged by a sense of imperious necessity—for the idea of duty, had not yet taken possession of his head—he tore himself away from these agreeable contemplations.

At night Peter went to bed as usual, but the scene of the pig-stye, had made such an impression upon his mind, that it stole in among the visions of his sleep. He dreamed that he was sauntering along upon a highway, and bound upon some long journey. Weary at length, he sat down and began to grumble at the necessity of travelling such a distance, and

over such a tiresome road. While he was thus occupied, a Fairy came to him, and said—"Peter, I have heard your complaints, and have come to relieve them! You think it hard to travel this road, though its borders are decorated with flowers; though it leads through delightful regions, and finally terminates in a happy home, where friends gather around to minister to every want and gratify every desire. Your difficulty is, that you must take the trouble to pick the flowers, to visit these happy regions, to travel to this final home of peace. Well, you shall have your way: you want idleness, and deem that this is bliss. I have a sty, in which is the fattest pig you ever saw: you shall be his companion, share his bed and board, and thus find the fulfilment of your wishes!"

Strange as it may seem, Peter accepted the offer, and was soon domesticated in the sty. For a time, he enjoyed himself to the utmost: to be sure the perfume of the place offended him a little at first—but the luxury of having nothing to do but to eat and sleep, prevailed over every other feeling, and he deemed himself perfectly happy.

Thus time rolled on—until one night he chanced to hear certain ominous preparations going on outside of the sty. He heard the rolling of a large tub, and chanced to hear the mistress of the place give directions to a man to butcher her two pigs the next morning. "Two pigs!" said Peter to himself—"and so I am one of them: but I'll give them the slip!" He waited till all around was quiet, and then attempted to rise, for the purpose of making his escape. But alas he was so fat and unwieldy, and the

fence was so high, that he could by no possibility get out of the pen. And there was one thing, which struck him with absolute horror: he now perceived that he had four legs—cloven feet, a long snout, and a tail! Nor was this all—long wiry bristles stood up along his back—his sides were coated with coarse hair, and while he tugged to get out of his prison, he grunted like his companion. "I am, at last, a pig then!" said Peter; "and yet, I am not altogether a pig. I know more than this lazy beast by my side; I know what is to happen to-morrow, and while he is at rest, I am in an agony of fear. I wish I were really a pig, for then I should know no fear, and the butcher's knife would finish me. But it is really horrible to have the mind of a human being, and the body and habits of a hog."

Poor Peter in the agony of his dream made a great outcry, but it was like the squealing of a pig; the fairy heard it, however, and came at the call. "What is the matter?"—said she. "Let me out! let me out!" said Peter in his frenzy. "I can't let you out," said the fairy: "you weigh at least fifteen score, and beside, you are a pig, now; for you must know that if a human being adopts swinish habits and keeps swinish company, he gradually becomes assimilated to the brute he imitates. But there is one difference: the pig, though he enjoys indolence, is able to do so, only because of his ignorance. He has no mind which paints higher and nobler enjoyments; no desire of long life; no looking forward to the future; no sense of right and wrong; no conscience to disturb him. It is otherwise with you. You have a

mind, and though you may abuse it, you cannot annihilate it. It is a lamp—it may become dim for a time, but you cannot put it out. It will burn forever, and will forever show you, and make you feel the degradation you have reached, and the happiness you have lost." Thus saying, the fairy departed.

It is not possible to tell the agony of the dreamer; he now saw his folly, and bitterly lamented it. But at last, in his vision, the morning came. He heard the hot, hissing water poured into the tub, to scald off his hair; he heard a lively whetting of knives, and at last saw the goggling eyes of the butcher, taking a look over the edge of the pig-stye. His agony was beyond bounds; he uttered a piercing shriek, and in the paroxysm of his distress, he awoke. It was, however, a lucky dream, for the youth took warning by it, and conquering his indolence, he became industrious, and grew up a prosperous and happy man.

Reader, if thou art given to indolence, take heed by Peter's dream; and like him, turn from the error of thy ways. Deem not that indolence is bliss—but believe me—the ways of industry are ways of pleasantness, and her paths lead to peace.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?—"My name is Norval!" said a runaway youth, who was playing that character in a small theatre at Annapolis, some years since. "That's a whapper!" said an officer in the crowd—"your name is Bill Brown, and you owes Mrs. Knipper three dollars and a half for board, washing and lodging—and here's a writ, so come along, my darling!"

## The Five-Dollar Bill.

THE following story has been published in many of the newspapers, but it is so good, that we give it a place in our columns. It not only shows how proper and necessary it is to pay small accounts, but it shows the use of money. What a wonderful thing, that little pieces of paper may perform such important offices in society, as we see that they do, by the story of the "Five-Dollar Bill."

"Sir, if you please, boss would like you to pay this bill to-day," said, for the tenth time, a half-grown boy in a dirty jacket, to a lawyer named Peter Chancery, and whose office was in Philadelphia.

The attorney at length turned round and stared the boy full in the face, as if he had been some newly discovered specimen of zoology, gave a long whistle, thrust his inky finger first into one pocket and then into the other of his black cloth vest, and then gave another long whistle and completed his stare at the boy's face.

"Ho, ha, hum! that bill, eh?" and the legal young gentleman extended the tips of his fingers towards the well worn bit of paper, and daintily opening it, looked at its contents.

"Hum! for capping and heel-tapping, six shillings—for foxing, ten and sixpence, and other sundries, eh! So your master wants me to settle this bill, eh?" repeated the man of briefs.

"Yes, sir. This is the nineteenth time I have come for it, and I intend to knock off at twenty and call it half a day."

"You're an impudent boy."

"I's always impudent to lawyers, coz I can't help it—it's catchin'."

"Your eye-teeth are cut, I see!"

"That's what boss sent *me* for, instead o' the 'prentices as was gettin' their teeth cut. I cut mine at nine months old, with a hand-saw. Boss says if you don't pay that bill he'll sue you."

"Sue *me*? I'm a lawyer!"

"It's no matter for that! Lawyer or no lawyer, boss declares he'll do it—so fork over!"

"Declares he'll sue me?"

"As true as there's another lawyer in all Filadelpy."

"That would be bad!"

"Would n't it?"

"Silence, you vagabond. I suppose I must pay this," muttered the attorney to himself. "It's not my plan to pay these small bills! What is a lawyer's profession good for, if he can't get clear paying his own bills? He'll sue me! 'Tis just five dollars! It comes hard, and he don't want the money! His boy could have earned it in the time he has been sending him to me to dun for it.—So your master will sue for it if I don't pay?"

"He says he will do it, and charge you a new pair o' shoes for me."

"Hark'ee. I can't pay to-day; and so if your boss will sue, just be so kind as to ask him to employ me as his attorney."

"You?"

"Yes; I'll issue the writ, have it served, and then you see I shall put the costs into my own pocket, instead of seeing them go into another lawyer's. So you see if I have to pay the bill I'll make the costs. Capital idea."

The boy scratched his head a while, as if striving to comprehend this "capital idea," and then shook it doubtfully. "I don't know about this; it looks tricky. I'll ask boss though, if as how you say you won't pay it no how without being sued."

"I'd rather be sued if he'll employ me, boy!"

"But who's to pay them costs—the boss?"

The lawyer looked at once very serious, and then gave another of those long whistles peculiar to him.

"Well, I am a sensible man, truly! My anxiety to get the costs of the suit blinded me to the fact that they had got to come out of one of my own pockets before they could be safely put into the other pocket! Ah; well, my boy, I suppose I must pay. Here is a five-dollar bill. Is it receipted?—it is so dirty and greasy I can't see."

"It was nice and clean three months ago when boss gin it to me, and the writin' shined like Knapp's Blackin'—it's torn so of a dunnin' so much."

"Well, here's your money," said the man of law, taking a solitary five-dollar note from his watch fob; "now, tell your master, Mr. Last, that if he has any other accounts he wants sued, I will attend to them with the greatest pleasure."

"Thank'ee," answered the boy, pocketing five, "but you is the only regular dunnin' customer boss has, and now you've paid up, he has'n't none but cash folks. Good day to you."

"Now there goes a five-dollar note that will do that fellow, Last, no good. I am in great want of it, but he is not. 't is a five thrown away. It would n't

have left my pocket but that I was sure his patience was worn out, and that costs would come out of it. I like to have costs, but I don't think a lawyer has anything to do with paying them."

As Peter Chancery, Esq. did not believe in his own mind that paying his debt to Mr. Last was to be of any benefit to him, and was of opinion that it was "money thrown away," let us follow the fate of this five-dollar bill through the day.

"He has paid," said the boy, placing the five-dollar bill in his master's hand.

"Well, I am glad of it," answered Mr. Last, surveying the bank-note through his glasses; "and it's a current bill, too. Now run with it and pay Mr. Furnace the five dollars I borrowed of him yesterday, and said I would return to-morrow. But I'll pay it now."

"Ah my lad, come just in time," said Furnace, as the boy delivered his errand and the note. "I was just wondering where I could get five dollars to pay a bill which is due to-day. Here, John," he called to one of his apprentices, "put on your hat and take this money to Captain O'Brien, and tell him I came within one of disappointing him, when some money came in I didn't expect."

Captain O'Brien was on board his schooner at the next wharf, and with him was a seaman, with his hat in his hand, looking very gloomy as he spoke with him.

"I'm sorry, my man, I can't pay you—but I have just raised and scraped the last dollar I can get above water to pay my insurance money to-day, and have not a copper left in my pocket to jingle, but keys and old nails."



"But I am very much in need, sir; my wife is ailing, and my family are in want of a good many things just now, and I got several articles at the store expecting to get money of you to take 'em up as I went along home. We han't in the house no flour, no tea, nor——"

"Well, my lad, I'm sorry. You must come to-morrow. I can't help you unless I sell the coat off my back, or pawn the schooner's kedge. Nobody pays me."

The sailor, who had come to get an advance of wages, turned away sorrowful, when the apprentice boy came up and said, in his hearing, "Here, sir, is five dollars Mr. Furnace owes you. He says when he told you he couldn't pay your bill to-day, he didn't expect some money that came in after you left the shop."

"Ah, that's my fine boy! Here, Jack, take this five-dollar bill, and come Saturday and get the balance of your wages."

The seaman, with a joyful bound, took the bill, and touching his hat, sprung with a light heart on shore and hastened to the store where he had already selected the comforts and necessities which his family stood so much in need of.

As he entered, a poor woman was trying to prevail on the store-keeper to settle a demand for making his shirts.

"You had better take it out of the store, Mrs. Conway," he said to her; "really, I have not taken half the amount of your bill to-day, and don't expect to. I have to charge every thing, and no money comes in."

"I can't do without it," answered the woman: "my daughter is very ill, and in want of every comfort; I am out of fire-wood, and indeed I want many things

which I have depended on this money to get."

"I'm very sorry, Mrs. Conway," said the store-keeper, looking into his money-drawer; "I have not five shillings here, and your bill is five dollars and ninepence."

The poor woman thought of her invalid child, and wrung her hands.

"A sailor was here a while ago and selected full five dollars' worth of articles, here on the counter, and went away to get his wages to pay for them; but I question if he comes back. If he does and pays for them, you shall have your money, madam."

At this instant Jack made his appearance in the door.

"Well, ship-mate," he cried, in a tone much more elevated than when he was discovered speaking with the captain; "well, my hearty, hand over my freight. I've got the document, so give us possession!" and displaying his five-dollar note, he laid hold of his purchases.

The store-keeper, examining and seeing the note was a good one, bade him take them with him, and then sighing, as he took another and last look at the bill, he handed it to the poor widow, who, with a joyful smile, received it from him and hastened from the store.

In a low and very humble tenement, near the water, was a family of poor children, whose appearance exhibited the utmost destitution. On a cot-bed near, lay a poor woman, ill and emaciated. The door opened, and a man in coarse, patched garments entered with a wood-saw and cross, and laid them down by the door side, and approached the bed.

"Are you any better, dear?" he asked

in a rough voice, but in the kindest tones.

"No—have you found work? If you could get me a little nourishing food, I should regain my strength."

The man gazed upon her pale face a moment, and again taking up his saw and cross, went out. He had not gone far before a woman met him, and said she wished him to follow her and saw some wood for her. His heart bounded with hope and gratitude, and he went after her to her dwelling, an abode but little better than his own for its poverty, yet wearing an air of comfort. He sawed the wood, split and piled it, and received six shillings, with which he hastened to a store for necessities for his sick wife, and then hurried home to gladden her heart with the delicacies he had provided. Till now he had had no work for four days, and his family had been starving; and from this day his wife got better and was at length restored to her family and to health, from a state of weakness to which another day's continuance would probably have proved fatal.

These six shillings, which did so much good, were paid him by the poor woman from the five dollars she had received from the store-keeper, and which the sailor had paid him. The poor woman's daughter, also, was revived and ultimately restored to health; and was lately married to a young man who had been three years absent and returned *true to his troth*. But for the five dollars which had been so instrumental in her recovery, he might have returned to be told that she, whose memory had so long been the polar star of his heart, had perished.

So much good did the five-dollar bill do which Peter Chancery, Esq. so reluctantly paid to Mr. Last's apprentice boy, though little credit is due to this legal gentleman for the results that followed. It is thus that Providence often makes bad men instruments of good to others. Let this story lead those who think a "small bill" can stand because it is a small bill, remember how much good a five-dollar bill has done in one single day—and that in paying a *series* of twenty bills, they may dispense good to hundreds around them.

## The Lark.

A GERMAN ALLEGORY.

**I**N the balmy morning of a spring day, a farmer walked with his son into the field. The cool morning wind played with the silver locks of the old man, and lifted the blooming stems of the field, so that they appeared like a cloud over the waving grain.

And the old man said, "Behold how active nature is for our good! With the same breath which cools our cheeks, she makes our fields fruitful, so that our barns are filled.

"Eighty years have I witnessed this, and still it is as pleasing to me as though I saw it to-day for the first time. It may easily be the last! For have I not reached the limit of human life!"

Thus the old man spake. Then the son pressed his hand and was grieved in his heart.

But the father said, "Why do you mourn? Behold, my day is ended, and my evening has come. If a new morn

ing is to break upon me, it must first be night. But it will appear to me like a night of summer, cool, and lovely, when the evening twilight melts into the twilight of morning."

"Oh my father," said the son, "how can you speak so composedly of that, which will be to us the cause of severe affliction? You have given me an emblem of your death. Oh give me an emblem of your life, my father!"

Then the old man replied, "That I can easily do. For the life of a farmer is simple, like nature, which surrounds him. See the lark yonder; do you observe how it arises out of the grain-field singing! It does not soar so near the farmer for nothing! For it is the emblem of his life.

"Behold, it is born and matured in the lap of maternal earth, and feeds itself in the nourishing furrow. Among the waving stems it builds its nest and hatches its eggs, and takes care of its young. And the animating exhalations of the ground and the green field strengthen its wings, and the voice of its bosom. But now it arises towards heaven, and looks down from above on the stems and grain, and the tender mother, and upwards at the light, which rears the stems, and in the cloud, which sends dew and rain on the earth. As soon as morning begins to dawn, it is on the wing, to salute the early messenger of approaching day. And when the evening sun is sinking below the horizon, it rises again to drink of his last celestial beams. Thus it lives a two-fold life, the one silently in the still shade of the nourishing furrow and the green stems, and the other, singing in the bright regions of a higher world

of light. But its two-fold life is only one. For behold, it rises only to descend, and descends only to rise again!"

Thus the old man spake. And the son fervently pressed the hand of his father, and said, "Ah yes, my father, such has been your life! Oh, may it be a source of joy to us for a long time to come!"

Thereupon the old man replied, "The clod is too heavy for me! Why do you envy me the undivided life of pure harmony and brighter light?"

"The day is sultry. Come, let us return home."

### Origin of the Names of the several United States.

**M**AINE was so called, as early as 1623, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor.

New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Captain John Mason, by patent, November 7th, 1629, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England.

Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their Declaration of Independence, January 16th, 1777, from the French, *verd mont*, the green mountain.

Massachusetts was so called from Massachusetts Bay, and that from the Massachusetts tribe of Indians in the neighborhood of Boston. Massachusetts is said to signify "Blue Hills."

Rhode Island was so called, in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean.

Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river. Connecticut is a Moheakannew word, signifying *long river*.

New York was so called in 1664, in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted by the King of England.

New Jersey was so called in 1664, from the Island of Jersey, on the coast of France, the residence of the family of Sir George Carteret, to whom this territory was granted.

Pennsylvania was so called in 1681, after William Penn.

Delaware was so called in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord de la War, who died in this bay.

Maryland was so called in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632.

Virginia was so called in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England.

Carolina was so called by the French in 1564, in honor of King Charles IX. of France.

Georgia was so called in 1732, in honor of King George II.

Alabama was so called in 1817, from its principal river.

Mississippi was so called in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote the *whole river*, that is, the river formed by the union of many.

Louisiana was so called in honor of Louis XIV. of France.

Tennessee was so called in 1796, from its principal river. The word Ten-assee is said to signify a *curved spoon*.

Kentucky was so called in 1792, from its principal river.

Illinois was so called in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify *the river of men*.

Indiana was so called in 1809, from its being, for a long time, occupied by several large Indian tribes.

Ohio was so called in 1802, from its southern boundary.

Missouri was so called in 1821, from its principal river.

Michigan was so called in 1805, from the lake on its border.

Arkansas was so called in 1819, from its principal river.

Florida was so called by Juan Ponce de Leon, in 1572, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, in Spanish *Pascua Florida*. Some say it was so called from its *florid* appearance, in consequence of the great number of flowers it produced.

Columbia was so called in reference to Columbus.

Wisconsin was so called from its principal river.

Iowa is so called from its principal river.

Oregon is so called from its principal river.

### Battle between a Rat and a Crab.

THE following incident is related in a late English journal:

In the year 1812, a sailor in company with several persons, at Sunderland, a short time before, perceived a crab which had wandered to the distance of about three yards from the water side.



An old rat, on the look-out for food, sprang from his lurking-place and seized the crab, who, in return, raised his forcep claws, and laid fast hold of the assailant's nose, who, when opportunity offered, hastily retired, squeaking a doleful chant, much surprised, no doubt, at the unexpected reception he had experienced.

The crab, finding itself at liberty, retreated, as speedily as crab could do, towards its own element; but after a short space of time, it was arrested in its progress by Mr. Rat, who renewed the contest, and experienced a second rude embrace from his antagonist. The rat, as before, retreated, bemoaning such violent treatment. Frequent and severe were the attacks; on view of his enemy, the crab always prepared for action by raising its fore claws in a threatening attitude.

After a bloodless contest of half an hour, the crab, though much exhausted, had nearly reached the sea, when the rat, almost despairing of conquest, made a last and daring effort to overcome his antagonist, and succeeded (to use the seaman's term) in capsizing his intended victim, a situation of which the rat immediately took advantage, seizing, like an able general, the vanquished prey, and dragging the creature by the hind legs (proceeding backwards) into his den. After a short interval, he made his escape, and appeared to the spectators, mutilated and deprived of most of the small legs; the rat soon followed in pursuit of the fugitive, and forced him back to his den, where, no doubt, he regaled his wife and family.

## Bill and the Boys,

OR WIT AND WEALTH.

As we have finished Bill Keeler's story of the lottery ticket, we will now proceed to relate another tale which was told by one of the boys who belonged to the story-telling circle of Salem, and which we shall entitle *Wit and Wealth*.

A great many years ago, and in a far-off country, there were two boys—one of them was the son of the king and bore the name of Selim; the other was the child of a poor man and was called Bazeen.

Selim was brought up in luxury and permitted to have his own way. He was dressed in the richest silks; his ears were decorated with diamonds, and jewels of great price glittered upon every part of his person. He was surrounded with servants, who were attentive to his wishes, and prompt to gratify every passion and caprice.

But while so much pains were taken to amuse the young prince and minister to his pleasures, his education in most respects was neglected. He was instructed in horsemanship, music, dancing and military exercises, but he had a contempt for books, and utterly refused to learn to read. He seemed to think it was enough to be a prince—that by birth he was superior to all others. He made, indeed, a mistake common enough among people of high fortune, in feeling that the rank and condition in which he was born gave him a right to claim superiority in every respect over all around him. He forgot that there is no royal road to learning—that the prince as well as the plebeian must study to acquire knowledge, and that a person with a full

purse may be a pauper with respect to brains.

Young Bazeen was very different from all this. His father, as we have said, was poor. He had no jewels with which to decorate the person of his son, nor could he do more in respect to dress than to clothe him in the plainest attire. But he had still the power of giving his boy an education, for learning was little prized in that country, and the school-master undertook the education of Bazeen for a very small compensation. Thus, the boy was taught the learning of that day, and among other things was made acquainted with several different languages.

When the two youths we have described were approaching the period of manhood, they joined the army of their country and went on an expedition against a distant enemy. Bazeen was attached to Selim's corps, which consisted of a troop of horse, and though a private soldier, he attracted the notice of the youthful prince. They at last met the enemy, and their army being defeated in the terrible engagement which followed, they were both taken and carried into captivity.

The appearance of Selim marked him as a person of some consequence, and he was therefore ordered into the presence of the king whose soldiers had made him prisoner. Bazeen accompanied him as his attendant. The young prince had taken care to decorate his person in the most costly manner, expecting in this way to dazzle the eyes of the monarch, before whom he was to appear.

The two prisoners were soon led into the presence of the sovereign. He re-

ceived the young prince graciously, and began to ask him questions about the battle, and the country from which he came. But he soon perceived that Selim was ill informed upon these subjects, and that he was, in fact, deficient in intelligence and observation. He then turned his attention to Bazeen, and put nearly the same questions to him that he had done to Selim. Bazeen answered modestly, and with some hesitation, doubting whether it was proper to show himself superior in knowledge to his royal master. The monarch penetrated his feelings, and commanded him to reply. The youth was therefore forced to answer, and soon showed himself to possess a great deal of knowledge. "Bring me a book!" said the king to one of his servants. The book was brought and handed to Selim; but he shook his head disdainfully, and remarked that at his father's court, princes scorned the drudgery of learning to read. "Such tasks," said he, "are reserved for our slaves. Give the book to Bazeen, he can read!"

The lip of the monarch curled, but he did not speak. The book was handed to Bazeen, and he read the passage that was pointed out. "It is well," said the king, "and now hear my decree. Bazeen shall be my secretary, for he has learning; and his mind, which is the noblest part of man, fits him to be the companion of princes. Selim despises learning, and shows that while the body—the inferior part—is glittering with jewels, he has still a base and grovelling mind! Selim is at heart a slave, and slavery shall be his doom. This is my decree."

The sentence of the king was put in immediate execution. Bazeen was raised to a high station in the palace, and Selim was compelled to perform the meanest offices of the household. But the former was scarcely less unhappy than the latter. He performed his duties faithfully, but he did not enter heartily into the service of a king who was the enemy of his country. The condition of Selim was also a constant source of misery to him. He therefore entered into a scheme for effecting the escape of his young master and his own. In endeavoring to carry this into effect, they were both detected and thrown into prison.

It was some consolation to the two youths that they were permitted to be together, but after they had been confined for several months, time hung heavily on their hands. Their dungeon consisted of a small room, with scarcely a ray of light. Selim soon sunk into a miserable state of despair. He was permitted to retain his jewels, but how worthless were they now! They seemed, indeed, to mock his degradation, and even to embitter his misery. But Bazeen had jewels of another kind—those of the mind, which could even illuminate the darkness, and were of inestimable value even in the dungeon. They enabled him to support his confinement; his range of knowledge furnished him with constant sources of thought, reflection and emotion. He was thus not only able to keep his own mind in a cheerful state, but he often communicated the light of his mind to that of his dejected companion.

A year had now passed, when at last the jailer in making his rounds entered

the apartment, attended by a person holding a lamp in one hand, and a scroll in the other. The latter addressed the prisoners as follows: "I am instructed by the king, my master, to present to you this writing, and he that can read it is pardoned, and permitted to return to his own country." Upon this he held out the paper, first to the prince and then to Bazeen. The latter ran his eye over it, but shook his head, saying "It is a hard task you give us; we have been confined in a dungeon for a year, and now you bring us a light which dazzles our eyes. Leave us the lamp for an hour, and when we are accustomed to the light, return and put us upon the trial."

The messenger of the king acceded to this proposition, and departed. As soon as he was gone, Bazeen, who had read the paper, told Selim the precise words it contained. He made him repeat them again and again, until they were fixed in his memory.

At the time appointed the messenger returned. Selim took the paper, and repeated the words it contained, thus seeming to read it accurately. He was therefore released from the prison, and taking leave of Bazeen, departed from the dungeon. He was taken before the king, where Bazeen also was summoned. "I have heard the story of your wit," said he to the latter, "and you have used it generously in behalf of your master. He shall have his liberty, for I have promised it; but you shall accompany him. He may depart; but let him carry with him the consciousness that wit is better than wealth, and the mind infinitely more worthy of decoration than the person."

### Blue Beard and his Castle.

**T**HE ruins of the Chateau de la Verriere, on the banks of the Erdre, in the department of the Loire Inferieure, are, according to the tradition of the neighboring peasantry, those of the castle of the celebrated Blue Beard, the hero of the well known nursery tale. This formidable personage, who is not altogether a creature of fancy, was Giles de Retz, who lived in the reign of Charles VII., and was a vassal of John V., duke of Bretagne. He was tried at Nantes, on suspicion of having destroyed a number of children, who had been seen to enter the castle, and were never heard of afterwards.

The bodies of several were afterwards found, he having caused them to be put to death to make use of their blood in writing charms and forming incantations to raise infernal spirits, by whose means he believed, according to the horrible superstitions of the times, that buried treasures would be revealed to him. On his trial he confessed the most horrible acts of atrocity, and was sentenced to be burnt alive; but the duke caused him to be strangled before he was tied to the stake. This execution took place December 25th, 1440, and a detailed account of it is still preserved in a manuscript in the archives of Nantes.

**A HORSE STUNG TO DEATH BY BEES.**—We learn from the Hartford (Connecticut) Patriot, that Mr. William Russell, of Spring Hill, tied his horse near a bee-hive, a few days ago, when the swarm set upon the horse and stung him until he sunk down in the greatest agony and immediately died. Before

he fell, Mr. Russell made every effort to remove the horse, but the poor brute seemed spellbound, and refused to stir. The day was warm, and Mr. Russell had been driving fast.

**THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.**—The shower of rain that was falling a few minutes ago, is passed away; the sun is shining bright, the drops of rain are glittering like diamonds on the young leaves. How sweet is the smell of the sweetbriar after the rain! How pleasant does the garden look! A few weeks ago there were little signs of life anywhere, but now every border is full of flowers, and fresh buds are still showing their heads above the ground. Among the low green leaves, we see colors of blue, and red, and yellow, and orange, and purple. Where were these beautiful flowers in winter? Were they dead? They were buried, indeed, in the ground, and their fair blossoms were not then unfolded, but there was life in their roots. There was life, too, in the seeds which were sown a little while ago, though they did not spring up till the rain and sunshine came.

Your kind heavenly Father sends you flowers, not only to teach you wisdom, but to give you sweet and innocent pleasure. So now, my little ones, enjoy the sunshine, for it will soon pass away. The clouds are gathering again. Look for violets and primroses in the sunny banks, gather the cowslips and tie them into yellow balls, and let no innocent joy of spring pass by you.—*English magazine.*

**BOISTEROUS PREACHING.**—A celebrated divine, who was remarkable in the first



period of his ministry for a loud and boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what had induced him to make the change? He answered: "When I was young, I thought it was the *thunder* that killed the people; but when I grew wiser, I discovered it was the *lightning*—so I determined to thunder less and lighten more in future." It is a pity that all preachers had not made the discovery.

## Letter to Peter Parley,

### AND HIS ANSWER.

*Belleville, Gloucester county, Va.,  
March 26th, 1844.*

DEAR MR. PARLEY:

I am very much interested in your little book on the sun, moon, and stars; I understand it very well. The last lesson I read was about the centrifugal and centripetal forces. I have read a good many of your books of Asia, Africa, Europe, the Christmas Gift, and your magazine.

I should like to have accompanied you in your journeys on the terrestrial and celestial globes; were you not afraid of being melted in Mercury and freezing in Uranus? I think I should have been.

I have lately been reading the history of Virginia, which is the state in which I live. I think it very interesting. It tells when the state was first settled, and it gave me a great deal of information about the colonies. I did not know of Nathaniel Bacon, or the rebellion which he caused, before I read the book, although he lived and died within a few miles of our house. His remains were buried in Petsworth church. Nor did I know, before I read the history, that Charles 2d's coronation robe was woven in Gloucester county.

You may be sure I was very glad to have a knowledge of such facts. The Virginians were very loyal subjects, and would have continued so, had it not been for the manner in which they were treated by the king and his parliament.

Are you a whig or a democrat? Mr. Parley, do you think we shall ever have as good a president as Washington? I fear not, but hope we may. Mr. Parley, where did you acquire so much information as you have given your little readers? My brother, who went to Cambridge College, says he has often passed your house; if I had been in his place, I would have stepped in and made your acquaintance. I am for Mr. Clay.

I wish you would write a book on mythology. I would like to know something more than I do of the heathen gods. I have read a good deal of them, but not by you. Your method being so good to convey information, furnishes a reason why I should like to read a book on this subject by you. I have seen your geography, and think it very good for youth; it gives such a good description of the earth.

Your little reader,

EDWIN T\*\*\*\*\*.

### PETER PARLEY'S ANSWER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—

Your kind letter, written in March last, was received by me some weeks since; but I have not been able to answer it till now. You speak very pleasantly of my little books, and tell me that they have given you a great deal of instruction. I am glad to hear this, and I shall be still more pleased to learn, that as they have added to your stock of knowledge, and increased your enjoyment, they have also shown you, that our goodness ought to increase with our learning. I shall at least indulge the belief that it will prove so in your case, and that you will thus, in after life—show yourself worthy of the name you bear.

You speak with great interest of Virginia—and this is right—for it is your birth-place. It is natural to love our native land, and this love, which is called patriotism, is a virtuous and praiseworthy sentiment. How many beautiful and glorious actions have sprung from it!

What a noble spectacle does the life of Washington present, who lived for his country! A true patriot is indeed a great man, and commands the admiration of the world. You may be proud of a state that produced Washington, but though I am a Yankee, he was my countryman, and I am proud of him too.

You ask if I am a whig, or a democrat. If Washington was a whig, so am I. I do not know that, in all respects, we shall ever again have so faultless a character to preside over our nation; but I hope to see the next president, whoever he may be, willing to walk in his footsteps—willing to imbibe his spirit—willing to set an example of patriotism to the whole country and the whole world. If Henry Clay is this kind of man—and I am told he is—I shall rejoice to see him president. They say he has a noble, generous, patriotic heart—and an excellent head too. This union makes a great man. Without it no man can be truly great.

I have hardly space to talk of politics, for you know it is a mighty long-winded subject. The best way is for you to call and see me, when you visit Boston. I live in a brown house, four miles from the city, and am ever glad to see my young friends. I always have a plate ready, somewhat in Virginia fashion, for my juvenile visitors. If my table is not so bountifully spread as yours, I will try to imitate that warm-hearted hospitality for which Old Virginia is famous. When you come, I will tell you whether I am a whig or a democrat—and one thing you will find out—and that is, that I like a *clever fellow*, whatever his politics may be. We will also, when you visit me, talk over the affairs of Mercury and mythology. If I do not tell you where I got all my knowledge, I will try to satisfy you that a moderate stock of learning, well employed, may do a great deal of good in the world.

I am your sincere friend,

PETER PARLEY.

### Our Correspondence.

WE have this month our usual stock of letters from our good natured friends,—but we

can only find room to notice them briefly. We are particularly well supplied with puzzles—enough, indeed, to get our brains, and those of our readers too, into a snarl—if we were to publish them all. There seems to be a great love for these things, and abundance of talent to produce them; why don't somebody set up a Magazine entirely devoted to them? It might be called "THE UNIVERSAL PUZZLER," or the "*Puzzler Puzzled*," consisting of puzzles, original and select, foreign and domestic, and embracing the most celebrated puzzles of ancient and modern puzzlers—edited by Peter Puzzle, Esq., aided by all the little Puzzles!" If any one is disposed to start the work, we give him the title gratis. But to our correspondence.

H. D. W——r, of Fruit Hill, Rhode Island, guesses that the answer to the riddle of our Quincy subscriber, is North America; and that of the one that comes from Portsmouth, is R. Merry's Museum. Master Walker is right—as are several other correspondents, who send us the same answer.

The letter of F. H. B. of Quincy, is received, as is that of E. D. H., Elizabeth B——g, &c., &c. The following deserves insertion as it has travelled so far.

Athens, (Georgia) April 19th, 1844.

MR. MERRY:

DEAR SIR,—I have received your Museum, and I am perfectly delighted with it. I am trying to get you more subscribers in our town, and I know that when I show the late numbers to some of the other little girls and boys, I shall have some new subscribers for you. I take a great deal of interest in your *puzzles*, and every time that your Museum has some of them in it, I sit down and try to solve them. Sometimes I succeed, and sometimes I do not. I write this to you because I see that you say in your last, that you love to hear from your little subscribers; and I am also encouraged to do so, seeing that you published a letter from a subscriber in Decatur, which is not very far from this place. I have found the answer to the Enigma of Frederick H. B. of Quincy; and I also send one of my own, which you will please publish if you think it deserves it. All that I have now to add is, that you are not forgotten in Georgia.

Your young friend,

A. C. C\*\*\*\*\*

### HERE IS THE ANSWER TO FREDER- ICK'S ENIGMA.

His 5, 8, 11, 4, 2 and 9, is Hector, a cape on a large island.

His 6, 3, 11, 4, 10 and 11, is Arctic—a large circle.

His 5, 12, 3 and 8, is Hard—the tribe of Indians that inhabit British America.

His 5, 2, 9 and 1, is Cape Horn, of South America.

His 7, 12, 9, 7, 2, 3 and 12, is Marmora, a sea between Europe and Asia.

His 1, 8, 10, 7 and 10, is Niemen, a river in Europe.

His 11, 3, 10, 7, 8 and 12, is Crimea, a portion of Russia.

His 8, 4, 1 and 12 is Etna, a burning mountain.

His 11, 5, 10, 1 and 12, is China, a country in Asia.

His 5, 8, 3, 12 and 4, is Herat, the capital of a country in Asia.

His 12, 11, 5, 8, 8 and 1, is Achun, a town on a large island.

His whole is North America—a large portion of the globe.

### PUZZLE.

My whole consists of ten letters.

My 9, 8, 5 and 6, is very useful to fur traders.

My 5, 6 and 10, is an animal.

My 10, 9, 4 and 7, is a burning mountain in Europe.

My 9, 5 and 8, is manufactured in large quantities in the Southern States.

My 1, 7 and 9, is an animal that goes out only at night.

My 10, 2, 3, 6 and 10, is a part of the Eastern Continent.

My whole is the name of a distinguished Emperor.

A. C. C.

We are requested to express, in a particular manner, the thanks of the Publishers to the post-master of Augusta, Georgia, for his kind offices; and also to Mrs. D—, who takes a special and efficient interest in our humble periodical. Mrs. S. W. L., of Leighton, Alabama, will also accept our acknowledgments for her kind offices in behalf of our work. We hope it may prove worthy of such kindness.

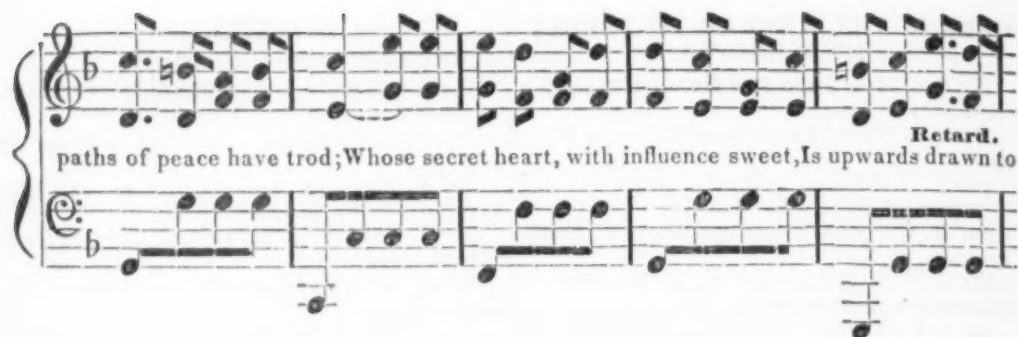
## The Lily.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY GEORGE J. WEBB.

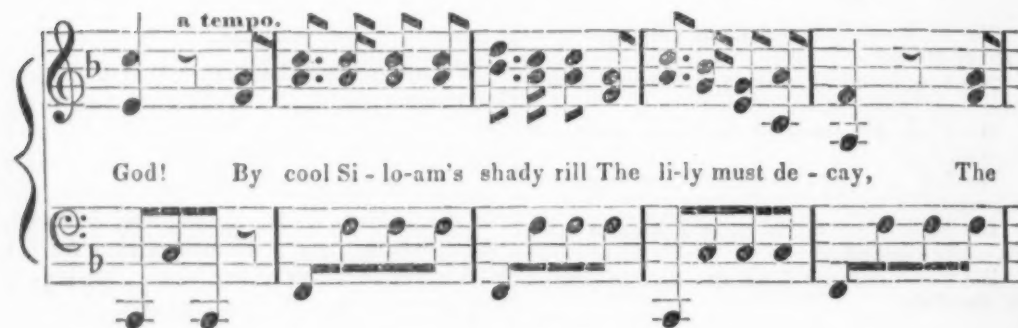
Two Voices.

By cool Siloam's shady rill, How sweet the lily grows! How sweet the breath be-

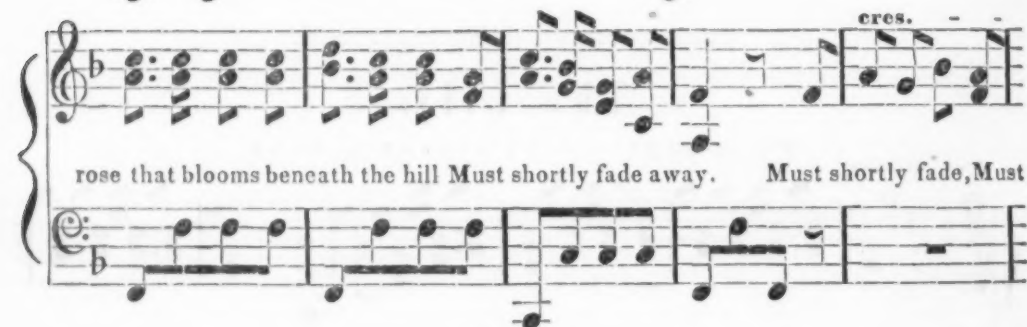
neath the hill Of Sharon's dewy rose! Lo, such the child whose early feet The



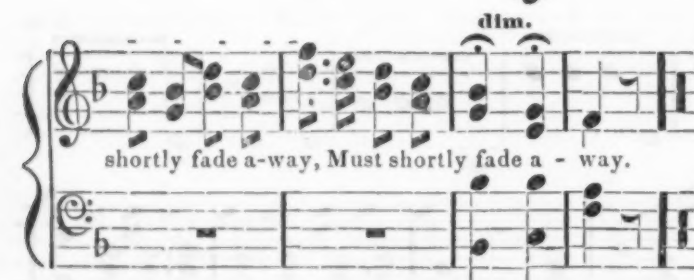
*Retard.*  
paths of peace have trod; Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upwards drawn to



*a tempo.*  
God! By cool Si-lo-am's shady rill The li-ly must de-cay, The



*cres.*  
rose that blooms beneath the hill Must shortly fade away. Must shortly fade, Must



*dim.*  
shortly fade a-way, Must shortly fade a-way.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
Of man's maturer age,  
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,  
And stormy passion's rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found  
Within thy Father's shrine!

Whose years with changeless virtue crowned.  
Were all alike divine:—

Dependent on thy bounteous breath,  
We seek thy grace alone,  
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
To keep us still thine own!



